Gallipolis Journal.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES HARPER.] "Truth and Justice." [AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE

Volume XIX. GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, JULY 13, 1854. Number 33.

[For the Gallipolis Journal.]

THE HOME IN MY NATIVE LAND.*

BY DANIEL I. EDWARDS.

Oh bear me again to my native land,
To the home of my childhood's mirth,
Let me view the scenes of my early youth,
Ere I take my farewell of earth.
Let me climb once more the green hill side,
Where I've strayed with childish glee,
And hear the song of the woodland bird
And the hum of the laden bee.

Once more let me ramble thy woods among,
Where I've gathered the blushing flowers,
And where from the glare of the noontide sun,
I have sought thy leafy bowers.
Again let me hear the tuneful lark,
Pour forth his matin lay;
For those scenes are traced by mem'ry's hand
With a love that can ne'er decay.

With fond affection I turn to thee,
My home, 'neath the elm tree's shade,
For there I have often at day's decline,
With my young companions played;
And though I have travelled in other climes
Enriched by nature's hand,
Yet I ne'er met a spot that was half so dear
As the home in my native land.

*The above lines can be sung to the air of the 'Carrier Dove."

MISS BRIDGETTA FIDGET.

A wonderful Fidget is little Miss Bridget,
I'm sure she can never be mated;
At home or at school, all order and rule,
Are things to be perfectly hated.

Is work to be done—Miss Bridget is one,
Can do it as well as another;
But should she attempt it, you soon will lament it,
On finding her only a bother.

Her foot and her hand without a command,
Are good at perpetual motion;
When requested to go, they move very slow,
To obey is so silly a notion.

Or if she obeys, with a very ill grace,
She waits to consider the reason,
The why and because, of such rigid laws,
With her, they are all out of season.

Then should you engage in an argument sage,
In hopes of convincing Miss Bridget,
She'll tell you, that she an exception must be,
Because she was born in a Fidget.

You may talk till you ache, for consistency's sake,
I'm sure 'tis a useless endeavor,
For still the last word from Miss Bridget is heard,
Replying for ever and ever.

So onward she goes, with her fingers and toes,
As though St. Vitus had caught her,
And even her face, with a scrowl or grimace,
To twist out of shape, had taught her.

I remember one diget, resembling Miss Bridget,
Can stand on its head if it choose,
Be a nine or a six, according to fix—
Forgive if the likeness amuse.

O Bridgetta, friend, you never will mend,
As long as your name is Miss Fidget;
For work as we may, by night and by day,
You will ever be Fidgetty Bridget.

Cadet.

THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.

[The following beautiful lines we find in Willis' *Home Journal*. They were contributed to that valuable paper by Mrs. T. H. Beveridge of Galveston, Texas:]

I saw a youthful mother
Once, on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play.
It gambolled on the flowerets
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed, with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests;
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests:
While on the new-found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And tastefully reached forth its hand,
To seize the glittering prize.

And now, its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure, rich and rare,
Which, in its baby innocence,
It surely thought was there.
But ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright, imprisoned rays!

And then the *first* of many tears
Fell on that cherub face—
The *first* sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it hath been with us *all*,
Who its dark game have played;
We've sought to grasp the *sunshine*,
And only found—the shade!

CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE.

An anecdote relating to the capture of the Guerriere has lately gone the rounds of the papers, which is stated to be from an unquestionable source, and characteristic of the coolness, prudence, and superior skill of the gallant American Commodore.

The anecdote is doubtless correct in each important particular. A person who was on board the Constitution when the event took place, gives the following version:

The Guerriere was lying-to. The Constitution was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under three top-sails—every man was at his station, and all on board were eager for the contest, when the Guerriere commenced the action at a long shot.

Capt. Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two pound shot from the Guerriere took effect and killed and wounded some of our brave tars.

Lieut. Morris immediately left his station on the gun-deck to report the same to the Captain and request permission to return the fire, as the men were very desirous to engage the enemy.

'Mr. Morris,' was the Commodore's reply, 'are you ready on the gun-deck?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, keep so—but don't let a gun be fired till I give the word.'

In a few moments Mr. Morris again appeared, and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broadside—so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

'Mr. Morris,' reiterated the Commodore, intently gazing on the English frigate, 'Are you ready for action on the gun deck.'

'Yes, sir; and it will be impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Several of our bravest men are already killed and wounded.'

'Keep cool, Mr. Morris—keep cool—See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired, till I give the word.'

The gallant lieutenant went below.—In a few moments, the vessels having neared each other, to within pistol-shot distance, Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter-deck.

'Are you ready for action, Mr. Morris?' again demanded the Commodore.

'We are ready, sir, and the men are muttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire upon the enemy.'

'Fire, then, in God's name!' shouted the Commodore, in a voice of thunder.

It is added that he wore, at the time, a pair of Nankeen tights—and he accompanied this soul-checing order with such a stamp on the deck with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were completely split from the knee to the waist-band.

The conduct of Dacres, before and during the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Mass., at present a respectable ship master out of Boston, had been pressed on board the Guerriere, a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the Constitution was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an American frigate was inevitable, Mr Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter-deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Capt Dacres, that he was an American citizen, unjustly detained on board the English frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties assigned him; but that it could not be reasonably expected that he would fight against his countrymen. He therefore, begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings; that he did not wish the Americans on board to fight against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them into the cock-pit to assist the surgeons if necessary.

Reed left the spar-deck after the Guerriere had commenced action. Several shots were known to have taken effect, but the Constitution had not yet fired a gun, much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without any resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's man, who was in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed, with a single shake of his head, 'That d—d Yankee knows what he's about.'

A few moments passed away, and the Constitution poured in her tremendous broadside—every gun was double shotted and well pointed; and the effect it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived. Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperturbable, but harmless Yankees, gave place to the groans of the dying; and sixteen poor mutilated creatures were tumbled down into the cock-pit from the effects of the first broadside.

Dacres fought as long as a spar was standing, or a gun could be brought to bear upon the enemy; but when his masts were completely shot away, his men, mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the deck; while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the Guerriere, which a few hours before was considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water, an unsightly, unmanagable mass; when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud flag of his country, the gallant Briton began to think he had got into an ugly scrape, from which he could no longer oppose a feeble resistance to his more fortunate foe.

Capt. Hull sent an officer to take possesion of the Guerriere. When he had arrived along side, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate if he had struck.

Dacres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness which would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

'I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer,' said he.

'Do I understand you to say that you have struck?' inquired the American lieutenant.

'Not precisely,' replied Dacres, 'but I don't know that it would be worth while to fight any longer.'

'If you think it advisable, I will return aboard,' replied the Yankee, 'and we will resume the engagement.'

'Why, I am pretty near *hors du combat* already,' said Dacres; 'I have hardly men enough to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition.'

'I wish to know,' peremptorily demanded the American officer, 'whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war, or as enemy; I have no further time to parley.'

'I believe now there is no alternative. If I could fight any longer, I would with pleasure. But I—must—surrender—myself—*a prisoner of war.*

PEPPERING 'EM.—'Did I ever tell how near I came losing my election as Senator?' said the squire.

'No, I believe not.'

'Well, it was altogether owing to Waterem's not having a sufficient supply of liquor on hand. You see, the main strength of our party lies in the upper end of the county—especially among the inhabitants of the Swamp, as it is called. So you see, about two days before the election, I sends Sam up among the Swampers with five gallons of the real hardware-tremendous stuff—knock a horse down—the last Waterem had on hand. About four hours back came Sam, horse in a perspiration, himself in a fright, and everything indicating an untoward state of affairs.

'What's the matter, Sam?' said I.

'Matter?' said he; 'matter enough—you have outraged the feelings of the virtuous Swampers; they swear that any man who expects to go to the Senate for three years, and can't afford ten gallons of whisky, is too mean for the post, they won't vote for him.'

'Matters looked squally enough—Only one other storekeeper within a day's ride, and he a Whig. Of course he wouldn't sell liquor to me so near election.'

'What did you do?'

'Called a council of war immediately—lawyer Boss, and several more.—Ross proposed a letter of apology to the disaffected. Rejected—wouldn't do without the whisky. Cale Alwright was the fellow to help us out, always full of expedients. He proposed to water the liquor up to the right quantity. We did so, but on trying it, found it much too weak for our friends. Such stuff would not go down with them.—Cale asked if we had any other spirits; handed him about a gallon of gin; in it went; tasted it; not strong enough.—Found about a quart of rum—poured it in. Sam tried it; 'too weak,' said he. We were at our wit's end. 'Red pepper,' said Cale. It was brought; in went a pound; he stired it up. 'Capital,' said he. We tried it, and nearly blistered our throats, it would have killed rats. Sam took it up the next day, explaining that it was all owing to the scarcity of liquor in the neighborhood—that a fresh supply of the best 'Old Monegahale' had been obtained, and invited a trial of its merits. They were mollified—pronounced it the 'rale stuff,' and I became Senator by a majority of 200 votes.'

A NEEDLE SWALLOWED AND EXTRACTED.—Some time in December last a young lady of Rochester, who had indulged in the too common practice of holding pins and needles in her mouth, swallowed what at the time she thought to be a pin. She soon after suffered severe pains in the region of the stomach, but did not then attribute the cause to the supposed pin. Last week, while standing, she was suddenly seized with an acute pain in one of her limbs, just above the knee, and soon after fainted. A physician was immediately called in, and he at once discovered and extricated from the limb a medium sized needle, which had worked nearly to the skin, the eye being foremost. The needle was much corroded, and the point had become nearly as much blunted as the head. This will doubtless be a lesson to her, as it should be to others, to find some safer place for pins and needles than the mouth.

☞ A merchant, being hurried, called upon a waggish neighbor the other day, and asking if he had a spare clerk to lend him, was referred to a very thin young gentleman; with a pen behind his ear, as being the SPAREST he had.

THE ESCAPE.

A THRILLING HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. Alexander McConnell, of Lexington, Ky., went into the woods on foot to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse in order to bring it. During his absense a party of five Indians, in one of their skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would soon return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return. McConnell thinking not of danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired on by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, overpowered and borne off a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed a merry, good natured sort of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity by shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with partiality. Having travelled with him in this manner for several days, they at length reached the bank of the Ohio river.

Heretofore the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely, but on that evening he remonstrated with them on the subject and complained so strongly of the pain which the cord gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo rug about his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot and then attached the extremities of the rope to their bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not as he pleased.

McConnell determined to effect his escape that night if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it more difficult. He therefore lay quietly until midnight, anxiously ruminating on the best means of effecting his escape. Accidently casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell on the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped from its sheath and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians.

To reach it with his hands without disturbing the two Indians to whom he was fastened was impossible, and it was a very hazardous attempt to draw it up with his feet. This however he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut the cord was but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating himself, he walked to the fire and sat down. He felt that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home without destroying his enemies, he would be pursued and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single individual to succeed in a conflict with five Indians even though unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with a knife so silently and fatally as to destroy each of his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest.—Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must inevitably be overpowered by the survivors. The knife was therefore out of the question.—After anxious reflections for a few moments he formed his plan.

The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire. Their knives and tomahawks were sheathed by their sides.—The latter he dared not touch for fear of arousing the owners, but the former he carefully removed with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate preparing for them, and taking one in each hand and resting the muzzle on a log, within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal.

At the report of the guns the others sprang to their feet glancing wildly about them. McConnell, who had run to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies who happened to be standing in a line with each other, the nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also, bellowing loudly, but soon recovering limped off as fast as possible. The fifth, the only one that remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell that announced equal terror and astonishment. McConnell not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stock, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived in two days.

A short time afterwards, Mrs. Dunlap, of Fayette, who had been several months a prisoner among the Indians on Mad River, made her escape, and returned to Lexington. She reported that the survivor returned to his tribe with a lamentable tale. He stated that they had taken a fine young hunter near Lexington and brought as far as the Ohio, that while engaged on the bank of the river, a party of white men had fallen upon them in the night, and killed his companions, together with the poor defenceless prisoner who lay bound hand and foot, unable either to escape or resist.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—In the June number of Graham's Magazine we find the following description of the debate which preceded the Declaration of Independence, the anxiety which obtained during its progress, and the general joy with which the first stroke of the bell announcing the passage of the Declaration, was received:

While events were thus passing around New York, Congress, having assembled in Philadelphia, were engaged in the momentous question of a Declaration of Independence. Many of the separate provinces had already acted on the subject. North Carolina took the first step, and took a vote instructing her delegate to concur with the other colonies in declaring independence. Massachusetts followed. Virginia next wheeled into the ranks, then Connecticut and New Hampshire. Maryland opposed it; while the delegates from the remaining provinces were instructed to unite with the majority, or left free to act as their judgement might dictate.—Thus instructed, the representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible—to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The struggle had not been for independence, but for the security of rights, in which they had the sympathy and aid of some of the wisest statesmen of England. To declare themselves free, would cut them off from all this sympathy, and provoke at once the entire power of England against them. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow, was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity. At length, Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit—June 7th—arose, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which, rung to the farthest extremity of the silent hall, read, 'Resolved, that these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states, and all political connection between us and the states of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved.'—John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded it in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power, that Congress was carried away as by a resistless wave before it.

The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the dreadful issue. Still weighed down with fear, Congress directed the secretary to omit in the journal, the names of the bold mover and seconder of this resolution, lest they should be selected as the special objects of vengeance by Great Britain. The resolution was made the special question for the next day, but remained untouched for three days, and was finally deferred to the first of July, to allow a committee appointed for that purpose, to draft a declaration of independence. When the day arrived, the declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement; at length the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for final action. It was soon known thoughout the city, and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in eager discussions, and others moving towards the State House. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats, than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote had passed. A bright eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal. Around that bell, brought from England, had been cast more than twenty years before the prophetic sentence, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud. It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay, but hour after hour wore on and no report came from that mysterious hall, where the fate of a continent was being settled. The multitude grew impatient—the old bell-man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward till his heart misgave him, and hope yielded to fear.—But at length, at two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands and shouted "ring! ring!" The desponding bellman electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue and hurled it backward and forward, with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia, like a bugle blast. "Clang, clang," it resounded on, ever higher and clearer, and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in long and loud accents over all the land, the motto that encircled it. Glad messengers caught the tidings as it floated out on the air, and sped off in every direction, to bear it onward:—When the news reached New York, the bells were set ringing, and the excited multitude surging hither and thither, at length gathered around the Bowling Green, and seizing the leaden equestrian statue of George III, which stood there, tore it into fragments. This was afterward run into bullets and hurled against his Majesty's troops. When the Declaration arrived in Boston, the people gathered at old Fanueil Hall to hear it read, and as the last sentence fell from the lips of the reader, a loud shout went up, and soon from every fortified height, and every battery, the thunder of cannon re-echoed the joy.

POLYGAMY.—A lady in Utah, wife of one of the Mormon leaders, writes to her sister a long letter, published in the newspapers, defending polygamy by the example of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the holy men mentioned in the Bible. The argument is as ingenuous as many others drawn from the same source, and would satisfy the conscience of any Turk, whose harem contained not less than two hundred wives. The letter is a curiosity, as exibiting the social relations of the polygamist. The lady says her husband has seven other wives, which is a moderate number for a leader of the faith, as Rigdon, the high-priest of Mormonism, has thirty-six. The children of these eight wives number twenty-five. The husband, she says, is a 'good and virtuous husband,' and all these mothers and children are endeared to her by kindred ties—by mutual affection—by acquintance and association; and the mothers in particular, by mutual and long continued exercise of toil, patience, long suffering, and sisterly kindness. The husband, of whose affections she is entitled to just one-eight, is a practical teacher of morals and religion; a promoter of general education; and at present occupies an honorable seat in the Legislative Council of the Territory. She concludes her remarkable letter with the hope that enlightened legislation in every State will be so modified, and the customs and consciences of individuals will be so altered, that any Utah gentleman, with more than the Christian number of wives, may be able to travel in any part of the United States with his harem and children, and enjoy as much consideration and honor as he does at home, or in the same manner Jacob of old would have been respected had he, with his wives and children, paid a visit to his kindred. We have heard much of the 'good time coming,' probably it is the period the lady refers to.—*Phila. Ledger.*

ONE GLASS OF WINE.—A very interesting history of the birth, parentage and rise to power of the Emperor of France is given in Harper's Magazine. Including in this article, we also find the history of 'one glass of wine,' as follows:

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Phillippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his royal father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. One morning he invited a few companions to breakfast with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He slightly lost the balance of his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions he entered his carriage.

But for that extra glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding he was taken into a beer shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

PATRICK HENRY'S SON.—We published a notice yesterday, founded on a statement which appeared in several Virginia papers, in reference to the peculiar circumstances attending—what was given out to be—the *recent* death of the youngest son of the celebrated Patrick Henry. Subsequent inquiries have satisfied us that the story was not only manufactured out of whole cloth, but that it had its origin in the promptings of malice. Nathaniel Henry, the youngest son of the great orator, has been dead about *three years*. He died poor, but his poverty was an honorable poverty; and his last days were cheered by the kind attentions of attached friends, and relatives. Inheriting an ample estate, it soon passed from him, for his heart was too big, and his hand too open, for the selfish ways of this selfish world.—*Wash. Star, June 21.*

☞ Come here, my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Now, tell me truly—has she got a beau?'—'No, its the jandera she's got; the doctor says so.'

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.—It stirs one's blood, in these latter days, to read the speeches and record of the actions of those who lived in the days of the Revolution. When the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached the capitol of New Hampshire, John Langdon, who was speaker of the Provincial Legislature, seeing the public credit exhausted, and his friends discouraged, rose and said:

"I have $3,000 hard money, and I will pledge my plate for $3,000 more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remunerated. If we do not, the property will be of no value. Our old friend Starke, who so nobly maintained the honor of our State, at Bunker Hill, may safely be entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and he will check the progress of Bergoyne."

Those were the days of patriotism! The offer was accepted, the money paid. The plate hypothecated, and the rum converted into cash. A corps of mountaineers was soon raised and placed under Starke's command. When he came in sight of the enemy at Bennington, he said—

"Boys, there are the Red Coats. We must beat them, or Molly Starke will be a widow!"

He did beat them. The tide of war turned—the firesides and hearths of our fathers preserved; but whether old John Langdon ever got back his plate, except in Continental rags, we do not know.—There are many who lost everything in the service of the country, made advances and sacrificed estates, whose descendants are now poor.

MURDER CASE IN KENTUCKY.—In December last, Charles Cushing was murdered in Lexington, by William Wright. The offence that provoked the fatal shot being a slight offence to the assailant's wife. On the 15th ult., the prisoner, who had lain in prison from that time, was brought out for trial, and was convicted of murder in the first degree. Cushing kept a confectionary, which the wife of the prisoner entered in the dusk of evening, in presence of several witnesses, for a purchase.—Cushing mistook her for another person, placed his hand on her shoulder, saying, "How are you, pretty?" In an instant he discovered his mistake and apologised, but the lady left in a rage, and soon after her husband and she returned to the shop, when the unfortunate young man was shot down in his tracks.—When the jury had returned, after only twenty minutes absence, and had announced their fatal decree, a most distressing scene was witnessed by the crowd. The prisoner, entirely overcome, let his head fall on his breast, while his wife, his sister, and his mother, gave vent to their anguish in most heart-rending screams. His wife threw herself upon his neck, and exclaimed, "Oh, why did I do this!—why did I do this!" and "Oh, how could those men find him guilty, when they have families! Oh! I will die!" The screams gradually subsided into sobs of grief and anguish, while the mournful, harrowing scene afflicted the judge, jury, bar, and spectators.

☞ The Madrid Gazette, of June 2, confirms the statement that the Carmen, a mail steamer, had been attacked and captured by Moorish pirates, near Alhucemas, and that all the crew, with the exception of a cabin boy, had escaped. The next day, the Gazette adds, the authorities of the fortress of Alhucemas sent an officer with a flag of truce to propose to purchase the vessel, but he was received with musket-shot. The Spaniards fired some cannon in return, but they produced no effect.

☞ An examination of the persons charged with firing the store of Jennings & Co., at New York, by the burning of which a number of lives were lost, took place at New York on Monday. The persons concerned in it number seven. One of them turned State's evidence, in which he revealed that the store was first robbed and that the burglars then gathered a pile of papers, poured camphene on it and then set it on fire.

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold, as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of the debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How Nature hangs labels over him, to testify her disgust at his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremours along his muscles, bends forward his frame. The wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debase himself and to debauch others, whose heart has been spotted with sin so that it is black all over, is an offence to the heart of the unblemished.

SWEET INNOCENCE.—A young lady of Harrisburgh, Pa., was out riding a few days since. The horse commenced kicking, when she, in the most simple manner, requested her companion to get out and hold the horse's leg, or he might injure the vehicle.

'*In* short—ladies and gentlemn,' said an overpowered orator, 'I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart.' (Vulgar fellow from the gallery)—'Wouldn't a dose of your stomach do this time?'